

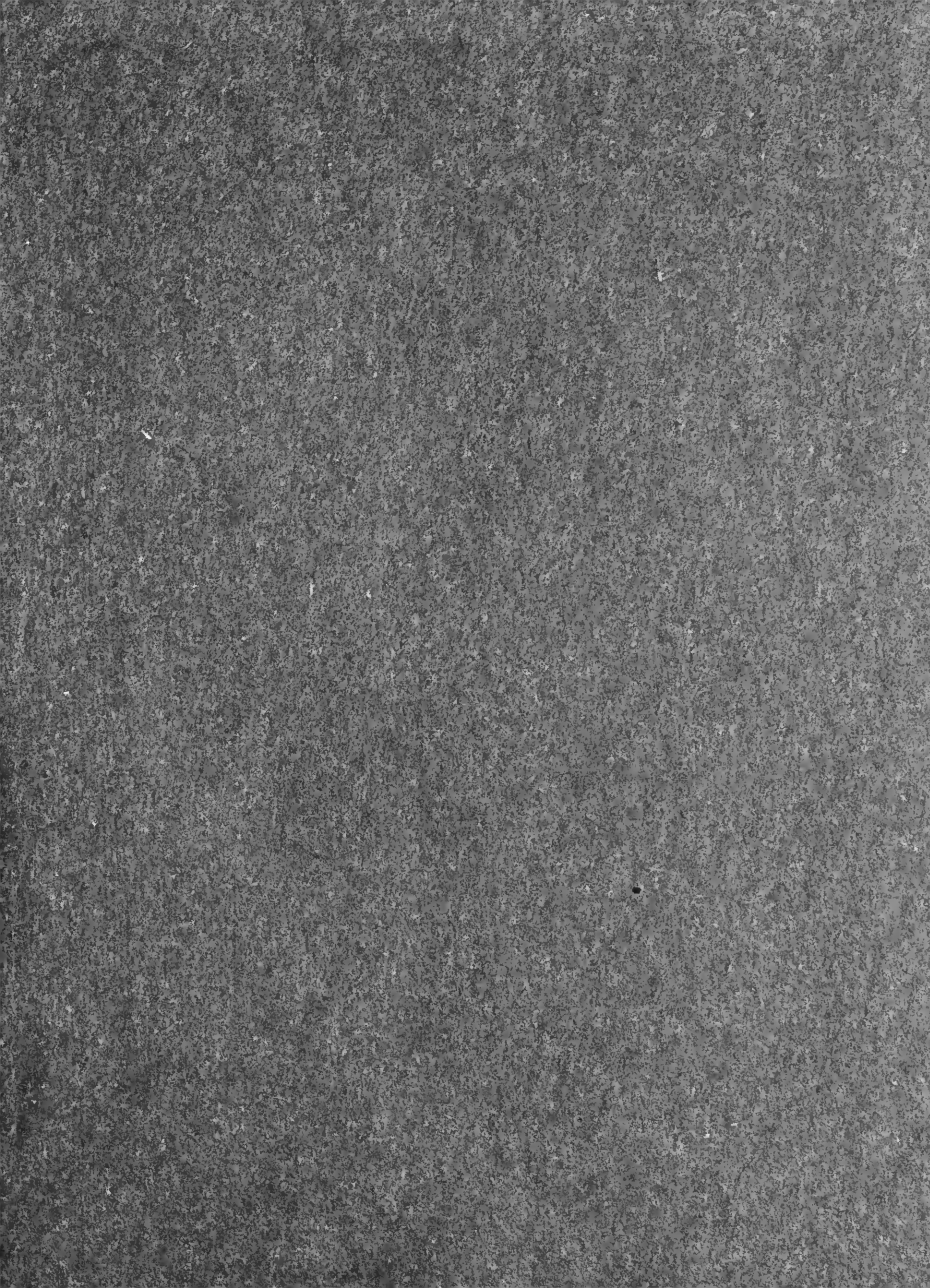
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# Stray Notes of Song

Harry B. Metcalf

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BROMFIELD STREET

# STRAY NOTES OF SONG

BY  
HARRY B. METCALF

CONCORD, N. H.  
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## STRAY NOTES OF SONG



## STRAY NOTES OF SONG

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### BROMFIELD STREET

**B**ROMFIELD Street, oh, Bromfield Street,  
The dusks and dawns of old  
Sent 'twixt the walls of thy retreat  
Their greetings, gray and gold;  
The centuries have left thee there,  
Pressed to the city's heart—  
A thoroughfare beyond compare,  
Oh, Bromfield Street, thou art!

Bromfield Street, oh, Bromfield Street,  
Thy stretch is but a span  
Between two tides of trampling feet—  
The toil and moil of man—  
But restful charms thy walks endear,  
That words may not define,  
So quaintly queer an atmosphere,  
Oh, Bromfield Street, is thine!

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

Bromfield Street, oh, Bromfield Street.

The lips of Lore and Art

Breathe from thy windows, strangely sweet,

A whisper to my heart.

Broad avenues, in splendor dressed,

Adorn the modern day;

But mayst thou rest in Boston's breast,

Oh, Bromfield Street, for aye!



*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

SWEET LOUISBURG SQUARE

O HEART of old Boston, sweet Louis-  
burg Square,  
Thy birds are all singing, there's balm in  
the air;  
And a message of peace from the dim days of  
yore  
Is borne to my soul in thine elms, bending o'er.

Like a cloister of ancient and mystical years,  
Shut out from the world, from its cares and its  
fears,  
Thy memories linger to soothe the sore heart;  
To bid, for a moment, life's sorrows depart.

To catch from thy zephyrs their whisper,  
serene,  
The stranger fain pauses; it captivates e'en  
The sad, white-capped nurses who greet thee  
each day  
From the haven of mercy, just over the way.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

Ah, soft is thy greensward, 'neath shadows that  
fall

From wings of the evening; and when, over all,  
The stars twinkle kindly, what vision more  
fair!

O heart of Old Boston, sweet Louisburg Square.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

ON THE "L" TO SULLIVAN SQUARE

OH, WE crowd and jostle and push and  
shove—

There's always room for one more—  
We hang for dear life from the straps above,  
We cut fancy curves on the floor;  
We tumble headforemost into the crush,  
We plunge and we dive "for fair,"  
We join in a great big football rush  
On the "L" to Sullivan Square.

From station to station we swing and swerve—  
It's very like "shooting the chutes"—  
Plunge forward, then backward, as round each  
curve

The train on the long trestle scoots.  
If you happen to hug the girl by your side,  
For her to protest is not fair,  
For you never can tell what you'll do when  
you ride  
On the "L" to Sullivan Square.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

And the banker stands with his shoulders  
    pressed  
    To those of the laborer grim;  
The callow youth joins in a casual jest  
    With the sales-girl next to him;  
The matron be-bundled with bargains fine  
    Looks in vain for a seat to spare;  
If I weren't pinned down I'd offer her mine,  
    On the "L" to Sullivan Square.

And the journey through life, it is much the  
    same—  
    It's jostle and crowd all the way,  
As onward we're hurried, with riches and fame  
    The incidents, mere, of a day.  
The terminal looms up larger ahead  
    Each moment; but why should we care?  
There'll be others to ride, when we are all  
    dead,  
    On the "L" to Sullivan Square.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

THE BOOKSHELVES OF CORNHILL

O COME for a moment away with me  
From the city's rush and roar;  
Get out of the surge of humanity  
As it sweeps from door to door  
And catch a breath of the olden time,  
A glimpse of the past that will  
Set soul and senses again in rhyme,  
'Neath the bookshelves of Cornhill.

Let us greet the poets of long ago;  
Old barristers, stern and just;  
Historians grim, whom the Muses know;  
Philosophers, gray with dust;  
There's a touch of peace in their mute array,  
An indescribable thrill  
As we bow to the masters who hold sway  
On the bookshelves of Cornhill.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

In far distant fields in coming years  
My lot it may be to tread—  
Perchance there'll be joys to banish the tears  
And fortune may smile o'erhead—  
But where'er the future may write me down,  
I'll ne'er be content until  
Fate pilots me back to old Boston town,  
And the bookshelves of Cornhill.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

ROSES

ROSES in the woodland byways,  
Roses on the mountain steeps,  
Roses garlanding the highways,  
Roses where the brooklet creeps,  
Roses in the garden, breathing  
Incense rare for you and me;  
Roses on the trellis, wreathing  
Bower for lovers' reverie;  
Roses in the East at breaking  
Of the dawn, when bird songs rise;  
Roses with the sun's leave-taking  
In the glow of western skies;  
Roses in their softest glory  
In the blushes of the bride—  
Roses in a new life-story,  
May they ever there abide—  
Roses in the perfumed kisses  
Of the zephyrs of the night;  
Roses in the dreamful blisses  
Of a slumber-garden white;  
Roses in all life unfolding—  
Petals may be falling soon—  
Roses ours for the beholding,  
Roses of the joy of June.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

CONCEIT AND HUMILITY

**T**WO mortals climbed a mountain top, to  
view

The wide outstretch of the majestic world;  
Beneath them boundless vistas, old and new,

In circling panorama were unfurled—  
And one, as he beheld the equal zone

On every hand to merge of earth and sky,  
Exclaimed, in lordly and exultant tone:

“The centre of the universe am I!”

The other, awed and silent, long surveyed

The wonders of the scene; the towns of men  
Were dwarfed to ant hills, and the rivers made

But threads of silver winding far, and when  
He felt the thrill of grandeur filling all

Of earth revealed beneath the bending sky,  
His humbled soul could only cry, “How small,  
How helpless in Thy sight, O God, am I!”



*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

FOREVER AND FOREVER

OUR little loves may pass away,  
As fragile heart-strings sever;  
But each dawn brings a sweeter day,  
For Love is Love forever.

The little gods of time-worn creeds  
Die, neath the world's endeavor;  
But lives the grandeur of good deeds,  
For God is God forever.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

OUT OF THE DEEP

**F**ROM out the heaving bosom of the deep  
The waves sweep o'er the rim of shining  
sand;  
High and yet higher the tidal surges creep  
As eager lips of Ocean kiss the land;  
And then a thousand rills, their strength full  
spent,  
Bear back the weary waters to the sea,  
Once more with the eternal to be blent,  
Once more a part of the immensity!

So doth not clearly in this token shine  
The secret, and the solace, of thy soul?  
Like unto ocean is the Power Divine,  
Each feeble life a radiant of the Whole.  
E'en as from out the vast, unchanging Source  
Thy being flows, its transitory tide  
Will bear thee back, one with the living Force  
Wherein th' eternal verities abide!

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

THE DREAMER AND THE TOILER

ONE dreamed of glory in the coming years,  
And waited for his dream to be fulfilled—  
One toiled along a pathway wet with tears,  
To do the drudging task that fate had willed.

One saw the golden hours pass idly by  
Until the promise of his youth was dead;  
While he who strove beneath a frowning sky  
Looked up, and saw Fame's lode-star overhead.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

TO A GERANIUM

GERANIUM, beauteous with the glow of  
    many blooms in one,  
    Flower most beloved that in my garden  
        grows,  
Redder than heart's blood, thy day has just  
    begun  
    When it is saddened by the dying rose,  
And brilliancy left o'er from summer's noon.  
    Is still thine own when late the aster wakes.

Full many a fickle, fragile blossom, in the boon  
    Of one rare breath of fleeting fragrance  
        breaks,  
Then vanishes; but thou, from glad June's  
    jubilee  
    Until the Autumn whispers of the end,  
In soft bestowal of thy spiced perfume, art  
    constancy,  
    Oh, flower of all that blow, the truest friend!

ALONG LIFE'S THOROUGHFARE

FACES artful, avaricious,  
    Faces buoyant, faces bright;  
Faces crafty and capricious,  
    Faces dimpling with delight;  
Faces eager and entrancing,  
    Faces fair and faces free;  
Faces glad and gaily glancing,  
    Faces homely as can be;  
Faces which the "I" rules blindly  
    Faces, jaded, joyful, too;  
Faces keen and faces kindly,  
    Faces laughing up at you;  
Faces mournful, faces modest,  
    Faces narrow, faces nil;  
Faces oh, the very oddest,  
    Faces pinched and puerile;  
Faces queer and faces queenly,  
    Faces radiant and rare;  
Faces sweet, that smile serenely,  
    Faces of triumphant air;

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

Faces ugly and uncheery,  
    Faces vexed and faces vain;  
Faces worn and wan and weary:  
    Faces experts can't explain;  
Faces yawning, faces yearning,  
    Faces zealous all the way—  
Faces in whose lines we're learning  
    New life lessons every day,

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

IN MABEL'S MUFF

WITHIN the warmth of Mabel's muff  
You'll find all sorts and styles of  
stuff—

A kerchief with a hand-wrought hem;  
A glove or two—What need of them!  
A dainty purse that's passing stout,  
With pa's allowance fattened out;  
A veil, that half conceals the grace,  
Ofttimes, of Mabel's pretty face;  
A *billet doux*, the last from Ned,  
That must be o'er and o'er reread—  
And just as though that weren't enough,  
Two soft, white hands—in Mabel's muff.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

UP THE PATHWAY OF PAIN

A JAGGED path of pain she trod,  
This little mate of mine,  
And yet she journeyed nearest God,  
With dauntless soul a-shine,  
For, all the stern and sterile way,  
Uplifted were her eyes,  
Reflecting buoyantly the day  
Or starlight of the skies;  
And e'er, a-down dim distances,  
She was the first who heard,  
With trustful ear, the messages  
Of some hope-singing bird!



*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

OVER THE SEAS TO DAYLIGHT LAND

**L**ITTLE lips smiling the sweetness of rest;  
Little eyes closed by the magic of sleep;  
Lulled by a song from a fond mother's breast,

A Little Boy starts o'er an ocean deep.  
Pushing from shore 'neath the veil of the dark,  
Dream sailors over him guardingly stand—  
No craft so staunch as his crib of a bark  
For the wonderful voyage to Daylight Land.

Marvelous visions around him unfold  
As glides his trim vessel out into the foam.  
Fairyland shores lined with sea-shells of gold,  
Castles where doll-kings and queens are at  
home.

Rainbow-hued islands o'errunning with toys,  
Tin soldiers marching behind a tin band—  
Oh! what a treat is our good Little Boy's  
As he speeds to the portals of Daylight Land!

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

Angel wings sheltering all the night through,  
Flutter above the soft, shadowy sails;  
Man-in-the-Moon soon is smiling adieu,  
Star overhead into nothingness pales.  
Bird songs proclaim a new welcome from shore,  
Sun-gems are blazing in crescents of sand—  
Little Boy's eyes are wide open once more,  
All safe in the harbor of Daylight Land!

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

THE SCARLET SALVIA

THE Summer, loth to take her leave with-  
out some token tender,  
Lest millions who've made merry may re-  
gard the future drear,  
Calls forth from fruitful Mother Earth the  
brightest she can render,  
And leaves the scarlet salvia as emblem of  
good cheer,

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

DEVOTION

**T**HERE are no words that e'en in sweetest  
    song  
    Could bear to thee the tributes of my  
        heart,  
That eagerly unto my dumb lips throng  
    Yet cannot pass beyond, so beautiful thou  
        art!  
And so, when God seems nearest, and on high  
    Has set the kind star-tokens of his care,  
I thank him for his love, and silently  
    Pay thee the tribute of my soul, its purest  
        prayer!

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

**LITTLE MISS PINK**

**I** 'VE known her now for most a year,  
This little Miss Pink, whose cheeks are  
red;

I hold no other maid so dear—  
She's turned my head!

She's bantered me and laughed at me,  
This little Miss Pink, whose hair is gold,  
And been as cross as cross could be—  
The winsome scold!

But she's aware I'm willing quite,  
This little Miss Pink, whose eyes are blue,  
To do her bidding day and night  
And still be true!

And who can say that I'm the fool,  
Though little Miss Pink, whose ways are  
free,  
Is arrogant, and sometimes cool?  
She's only three!

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

MARY, IN THE RAIN

**A** MOST appealing picture is  
Miss Mary, in the rain;  
She fills my soul with rhapsodies,  
Does Mary, in the rain,  
For when the sun is beaming bright  
Her eyes send forth reflected light,  
A dower that's all the world's by right;  
But Mary, in the rain,  
Bears her own sunshine in her face,  
That brightens all the gloom with grace.  
Ah, ever in my heart there's place  
For Mary, wet with rain!

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

FRANK L. STANTON

**B**ARD of the Southland, blest with ken  
Of Nature's heart, and the hearts of men,  
Thanks for thy sweet, clear notes that bear  
The message of Love from the everywhere—  
The story that breathes in the hum of bees,  
The song of birds, and the budding trees;  
The lesson of life that Heaven has set  
In the frail, unfolding violet!  
Singer of peace unto souls oppressed,  
Singer of hope unto hearts distressed,  
Singer of Love! May thy years be long,  
And sweet as thy tenderest notes of song!

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

**EVENING STAR**

**E**VENING Star, thou jewel gleaming  
In the rose-pearl west,  
E'en at dusk thine eye is beaming  
On the river's breast.  
Many who have known but sorrow  
In the ebbing day,  
Catch a hope-gleam for the morrow  
In thy kindly ray;  
And with glooms of night descending,  
Brightening afar,  
Pledge of God's blest care unending  
Thou art, Evening Star!



THE RELIEF OF SAN FRANCISCO

OUT of the deeps of the earth, unwarned,  
the shock of ruin came;  
Out of a city's seething wreck a thousand  
tongues of flame.  
Out of the woe—for a moment mere—the im-  
pulse of despair;  
Out of the uncrushed spirit then, new hope, on  
the wings of prayer.  
Out of the East, and the North and South the  
messengers of weal;  
Out of man's stores the answer to the homeless  
one's appeal.  
Out of man's love an angel's smile above the  
stricken sod;  
Out of the depths of a Nation's heart the  
providence of God!

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

EDGAR ALLAN POE

OH, POET of tempest skies and bodings  
dark,

Weaver of weird and wondrous fantasy,  
A hundred years have vanished since the spark  
Of thy charmed life gleamed first in infancy,  
For scarce twoscore to blaze, and then expire  
Ere men could comprehend, or homage pay—  
Mysterious master of Parnassian fire,  
For whom is now Fame's choicest wreath of  
bay!

A hundred years in the relentless sweep  
Of time, the handmaid of oblivion—  
Yet treasured in its soul, the world shall keep  
The jewels of thy genius, every one!  
Still shall the melancholy "Raven" croak  
Its doleful message down the centuries;  
"The Bells," clear as when first their rhythm  
broke

On awe-struck ears, shall peal across all seas,  
And "Helen's" beauty, radiant as the sun,  
Shall beam refulgent until Love is done!

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

A KISS BEFORE YOU GO

“A KISS before you go.”  
The toss of a golden head;  
The notes of a lullaby, soft and low—  
And away to bed.

“A kiss before you go.”  
A youth at the call of life;  
A sigh and a sob, she loves him so—  
And away to strife.

“A kiss before you go.”  
And a wrinkled forehead, pressed  
By devoted lips as the tears o’erflow—  
And away to rest.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

MARK TWAIN

GREAT, gentle friend of all our human  
kind,  
The muffled heart-beat of the whole world  
tells

Of grief that surges deep and unconfined,  
Of pain a more than kingly loss compels!

We laughed with you from fleeting year to  
year,  
Our lives uplifted by your message true;  
For in each cloud, with eye of changeless cheer,  
You found a gleam of silver, shining through!

Good-bye! We grieve, but treasured we will  
keep  
Your memory in all the afterwhile;  
You've shown us e'en, as you lay down to  
sleep,  
That death is not a shadow, but a smile!

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

THE BOUNDARIES OF LOVE'S DAY

THE scent of a rose from a garden fair;  
The diamonds of the dew;  
A bird-song's thrill in the morning air—  
And sweet thoughts of you!

A glint of gold on the rim of the West;  
The star-gems in the blue;  
The night wind soothing the world to rest—  
And sweet dreams of you!

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

THE PASSING OF GEORGE F. HOAR

**A** NATION grieves for him whose ebbing  
life  
Has lent so much of glory to the State—  
Not by the empty grandeur born of strife,  
But by the noblest works of peace made  
great.

Statesman and patriot, scholar, seer and sage,  
A people's tribune in long, trying years:  
Yet not for name writ high on honor's page—  
For his pure, lofty manhood are our tears.

His simple faith abiding to the end,  
He waits, content, the summons from on  
high.  
Rounded, complete his day: as shades descend  
He shows the world how grand it is to die.

## *STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

### A PRAYER

**I** KNOW not if reward of gold  
    Shall bless my labors in life's day;  
I care not if the shadows hold  
    Their canopies across my way  
So long as, groping toward the light,  
My heart is right.

I heed not what the tongues of men  
    May have for me in Time's report;  
The balance will be cast again,  
    And justice from the Higher Court  
Exalt at last, with radiance new,  
The soul that's true.

So, Father, in the storm and strife  
    That sternly may encompass me,  
Unselfish make my way of life,  
    And make my law humility;  
This to the journey's end, and then  
Thy peace. Amen!

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

A DECEIVER

WITHIN the shadows of a wood  
I chanced at sunset's glow;  
A bubbling spring  
Was murmuring,  
And in delight  
A water-sprite  
Was beckoning below.

"Oh, may I, maid," I madly cried,  
"But kiss thy laughing lips?"  
Then sweetly smiled  
This creature wild,  
And tossed the spray  
In teasing play  
With fairy fingertips.

But soon she nodded sweet assent,  
And kneeling at the brink,  
I sought the place  
Where beamed her face;  
The false nymph laughed,  
And I but quaffed  
Indignantly—a drink!



*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

ON THE LAKE

'TIS moonlight on the lake,  
And through the air  
The zephyrs from their mountain haunts are  
flying;  
From rush and brake  
The drone of insects in prolonged replying  
Floats everywhere.

'Tis nature's lullaby,  
And evening's calm  
Lends to the heart the peace of blessedness;  
And far and nigh  
Is felt the thrill of beauty's soft caress  
With buoyant charm.

The diamond canopy  
Of Heaven above  
Paints mellow radiance on the water's breast;  
The reverie  
Of gentle nature in unruffled rest  
Tells naught but love.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

Dead is the world of strife;  
    'Tis mem'ry's hour,  
And silently the faces of the past,  
    As once in life  
Come back—too precious and too pure to last,  
    With 'nobling power.

'Tis midnight on the lake—  
    The hours have flown—  
The dream of peaceful things at last must end.  
    Dark clouds o'ertake  
The dying moon. The glooms of night descend  
    To claim their own.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

TIME FLIES

I

GRIEVING, she gives up her cherished toys  
As bed-time approaches to end her play,  
For bright is the day with its rollicking joys—  
The flashing hours, oh, where are they?

II

Gone are the roses that bloomed so rare  
In the scented garden of Love's sweet day,  
And she sighs for the spring-time of youth so  
fair—  
The flying seasons, where are they?

III

Her eyes grown dim, and falt'ring her feet,  
She sadly looks back o'er the length'ning  
way;  
The shadows are falling, and life is so sweet—  
The fleeting years, oh, where are they?

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

IN WINTER

**C**RISP and sparkling is the air,  
Breezes playing hide and seek  
With her curls and roses, rare,  
Painted on each maiden's cheek;  
Everybody shouts the praise  
Of Winter days.

Logs piled high and hearth aglow,  
Cheer for all, and mirth is king—  
Now we ride across the snow.  
Now a dance is just the thing;  
Nothing like the keen delights  
Of Winter nights.

Spring has many charms, 'tis true,  
Bird and bloom and running rill;  
Summer brings her blessings, too;  
Autumn is a queen—but still  
Best beloved by girls and boys  
Are Winter joys.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

FEBRUARY

**H** EIR of the snows, child of the wintry  
blast,

Too few have sounded thy full meed of praise;  
In station bare and bleak thy lot is cast,

And aught but gentle are thy fitful ways;  
Yet unto human hearts and hearths thou hast

Sent cheer unrivalled in the log fire's blaze,  
And so to hold the faith of weaklings fast

Set Spring's sweet promise in thy length'n-  
ing days.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

TRANSFORMED

A GLOOMY orchard, stark and bare and  
brown,  
A night of stinging winds and swirls of  
snow;  
A golden dawn, and white trees, loaded down  
With many million diamonds aglow!

MARCH

COME on, you boist'rous, madcap herald of  
the Spring.

We welcome you with all your blow and  
bluster;

Sweep out the refuse of old Winter's gathering  
And rage with all the breath that you can  
muster!

We know that underneath your rude and rough  
demean

Are throbs of warm regard and thrills of  
laughter;

You melt the sunlight's gold, and lay a path of  
green

For violet-eyed young April, who comes after.

**ANY KIND O' WEATHER**

**A**NY kind o' weather  
Fills the bill for me;  
Glad I'm livin', whether  
Rain or shine it be.

What's the use complainin'?  
Everybody knows  
When it's right-down rainin'  
Redder is the rose.

Think the birds are sobbin'  
'Cause the sun is gone?  
Ask your friend, the robin,  
Bathin' on the lawn.

See him shake his feathers—  
Happy? Yes, siree!  
An' any kind o' weather's  
Good enough for me!



“NOT YET—BUT SOON”

(A Reverie of Spring)

NOT yet, but soon, the roses will be blooming,

And poets will be singing of sweet June;  
The deadly cannon cracker will be booming,

For July Fourth is here—not yet, but soon.  
The lean mosquito is not dead, but sleeping—  
Not yet, but soon, he'll make his yearly call;  
The house-fly his engagement will be keeping,  
Not yet, but soon enough, I'm sure, for all.

Not yet, but soon, the Summer Girl, in glory,  
Will reign again as queen of all the shore;  
The Hall-Room boys will weave the same old  
story—

A fortnight's romance, then back to the store.  
Not yet, but soon, the hotel man will chuckle  
And count his profits every afternoon  
While you and I will swelter, as we knuckle  
Down to our same old jobs, not yet, but soon.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

Not yet, but soon, the Common Man, despair-  
ing,

Will cut out eating, that he may buy ice,  
And sell his household furniture, preparing  
To pay for anthracite a triple price.

Not yet, but soon, the clamor of campaigning  
Will fill the land where dwell the noble free;  
Not yet, but soon, the new year will be waning;  
Not yet, but soon—time's up for you and me.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

APRIL

COMES April with a violet  
    A-nodding on her breast;  
Ah, could I pen a triolet  
To April and her violet  
    With rarest beauty blest!  
    Smiles gleam thro' tears at her behest.  
Comes April with a violet  
    A-nodding on her breast.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

EASTER SONG

LIFT up your faces to the skies,  
O all ye sons of men,  
And let your hearts in joy arise  
Exultantly again!

Attune yourselves unto the songs  
The great bird-chorus sings;  
Forget the winter of your wrongs  
And give your sorrows wings!

Throw back the shutters of your souls,  
Let in the golden light  
That from the regal sun unrolls  
Upon the year's long night!

All nature smiles; the glad earth gives  
New verdure to the sward;  
In every blade and blossom lives  
The glory of the Lord!

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

IN THE MAYTIME

**L**OSE your grumbles and your glooms in a  
maze of cherry blooms;

Banish all your petty troubles on a bird-  
note floating far.

Let your worries meet their dooms in the magic  
of perfumes

That are waiting to entice you where the  
honeysuckles are;

For a newborn gladness gleams in the sparkle of  
the streams,

And balm-laden breezes bid you breathe the  
fulness of the day;

In the sun's alluring beams is the glint of  
golden dreams

Of the glory of the Springtime, in the ecstasy  
of May.

'TWIXT BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES

OH, life is fair and life is free  
In all its fleeting phases,  
As down the lane she walks with me,  
'Twixt buttercups and daisies.

High in the branches of each tree  
The birds proclaim her praises;  
Oh, all is joy and jubilee,  
'Twixt buttercups and daisies.

For, drawing closely unto me,  
Her tender eyes she raises,  
And says that mine she'll ever be—  
'Twixt buttercups and daisies.

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

DON'T FREEZE

(A July Jingle)

HOW chillingly the wintry blast  
Adown the chimney whistles,  
And how the ice-fringe, clinging fast,  
From snow-bound roof-tree bristles!  
Old Boreas is stern tonight,  
But what care I for zero?  
I'll pile the hearth with logs alight  
And fiddle, *a la* Nero!

*P. S.—'Twas some six months ago  
The tale above was written;  
Don't start your furnace fire; oh no,  
You will not get frost bitten.*

How stingingly the swirl of snow  
Greets our reluctant faces!  
The mercury is shrinking low—  
Down toward the bulb it races.

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

But what care we, enwrapped in furs,  
As sleighbells crisply jingle?  
He is a weakling who demurs,  
Though ears and fingers tingle.

*P. S.—The rhyme preceding grew  
Last Winter, do not doubt it.  
Don't get your ulster out, for you  
Can get along without it.*



*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

THE CALL OF THE FIELDS

THE clovered fields of rippling green  
Cry "Health to him who comes."  
Ah, sad are they who ne'er have seen  
The clovered fields of rippling green.  
Canst thou not make a day serene  
For some child of the slums?  
The clovered fields of rippling green  
Cry "Health to him who comes."

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

AUTUMN JOYS

OH, THESE are the glorious Autumn days,  
The golden crown of the year;  
'Tis now that my heart is full of praise,  
(*And my furnace out of gear*).

The songs of the harvest fill the land;  
Soft haze o'er the hillside floats;  
There are no flaws in the landscape grand,  
(*No bargains in overcoats*).

The smile of plenty is in the sky;  
There's joy in the human soul;  
The blood in my veins in bounding high,  
(*And so is the price of coal*).

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

OCTOBER

SHE'S glad, not sober nor sad October,  
Her song is a song of cheer;  
Gauzes of red and of russet robe her  
As radiant queen of the year.  
Torch of the sumach is lifted to light her  
Fair feet o'er the harvest sod—  
And ever was badge of a sovereign brighter  
Than sceptre of goldenrod?  
The breadth of her bounty all nature embraces;  
She kindles men's hearts with bliss;  
So beauteous her face is, the Summer retraces  
Her footsteps for just one kiss!

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

ON A RAINY DAY

THE heavens, o'ercast, shut out the sun,  
And shadows fall, e'er day is done.

But what though rain its gloom imparts—  
The love-flame gleams in human hearts.

And when the dark is deepest here  
The true soul-light shines out most clear.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

NOVEMBER

THEY call thee drear, and sad, and desolate;  
Of all the family of months the member  
Most melancholy, timing thy footsteps late  
To crush to death the last faint, glimmering  
ember,  
And bid mankind bewail. Nay; by good fate  
Thou com'st to bid the faltering world  
remember;  
And e'er thy days are sped, full hearts, elate,  
Will make thee master of the feast, Novem-  
ber!

THANKSGIVING

THANKS for life and thanks for light;  
Thanks for home and thanks for hope;  
Thanks for power to see the right;  
Thanks for strength with wrong to cope.  
Thanks for brightness of the day;  
Thanks for God's blest care at night;  
Thanks for roses by the way—  
Thanks for thorns, lest joy should blight.

GOING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

GOING home for Christmas!  
Joy on every face,  
Thronging to the stations—  
Quickened is each pace;  
Quickened are the heart-beats  
For the clasp and kiss  
That shall seal re-union  
In the morrow's bliss.

Going home for Christmas!  
Speeding miles away;  
Father, mother, waiting  
For their own today;  
White though snow-fields glisten,  
Roses, rich and rare,  
Bloom in hearts of dear ones  
As they homeward fare.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

Going home for Christmas,  
Where the love-hearth gleams  
With the glow of pleasure  
In the olden dreams;  
Going home for Christmas  
As the waning year  
Floods the souls of millions  
With a new-born cheer.



*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

KIND WORDS

ONLY a sunbeam, stealing  
Through a rift in a sky of gray,  
Yet the face of God revealing  
To a soul 'neath sorrow's sway.

Only a kind word spoken  
To a heart with long grieving sore,  
Yet mayhap despair's chain broken  
In some life forevermore!

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

JUST A TOUCH OF WINTER 'FORE  
THE SPRING COMES IN

WAN'T it fine to see the house-tops  
covered deep beneath the snow  
When you woke up in the mornin' with  
the sun a-shinin' bright?  
Yes, it was a reg'lar blizzard; my, but how the  
wind did blow!  
Didn't it whistle down the chimney, like  
blue blazes, all the night?  
But the kids was in their glory, tumblin' in  
the drifts next day;  
There was never nothin' like it; how they  
made the snowballs spin!  
It bestowed a hearty flavor to their headlong,  
pell-mell play,  
Just to have a taste of Winter, 'fore the Spring  
comes in!

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

Wan't it grand up on the common, where the  
fluffy mantle, white,  
Stretched afar in all directions, resting lightly  
on the trees?

Didn't it set you clean a-wonderin' just to see  
so strange a sight,  
With the shovel brigade a-workin' like a lot  
o' busy bees?

I suppose 'twill soon be over, all be ended like  
a dream,

For the sun will now be hustlin' and the  
drifts a-vanishin';

But it's good to get a vision of the old times,  
just a gleam,

Just a tiny taste of Winter, 'fore the Spring  
comes in.

How the tingle of the snowflakes made the red  
cheeks of the girls

Redder yet with health's complexion, and  
the sparkle in their eyes

Brighter with the glow of pleasure, as the  
breezes tossed their curls,

Tanglin' up their truant tresses as a mis-  
chievous surprise!

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

There was fun for old and young ones; every-  
body felt the thrill;  
Jack hitched up his big old cutter—bells  
kept up a merry din;  
Bill got out his double-runner, shouts resounded  
on the hill,  
For one tardy touch of Winter, 'fore the  
Spring comes in!

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

A GENTLEMAN

**E**ARNEST, sincere,  
In friendship strong,  
And without fear  
In face of wrong;

Quiet, serene,  
A student, too,  
Who makes life mean  
A service true;

Knowing his mind;  
With some fixed plan—  
'Tis here you find  
A gentleman.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

CHRISTMAS BELLS

SOUND for us all the knell of selfish living,  
Of petty jealousies and foolish pride;  
Ring in the day of faith and of forgiving,  
O Bells of Christmastide!

Of larger love and nobler thought the pæan,  
Ring in the day of peace that shall abide—  
Peace to the glory of the Galilean,  
O Bells of Christmastide!

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

SERVICE

**B**UOYANT and bright from bubbling spring  
The brook in the hills  
Its rippling rills  
Taught all the livelong day to sing:  
“Merry and young and gay am I  
And on to the sea I hasten by.”

Over the rocks, by crag and dell  
With gathering strength  
It coursed at length  
And a mill was built where its waters fell.  
With prouder tones it spake again:  
“I turn the wheels and work for men.”

On through the valley, broad and deep  
It patiently bore  
The garnered store  
From fields where human toilers reap,  
And grandly its message came once more:  
“I serve content till life is o’er.”

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

At last, majestic and complete,  
On the ocean's breast  
It found its rest  
Where all the world-worn waters meet,  
Murmuring: "Thou, too, shalt deserve  
My peace when thou hast learned to serve."



*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

GRIEVE NOT

NAY, do not grieve  
That he took his leave  
Unwarned, from friends apart;  
Sublimest peace  
Crowned his release—  
God's finger touched his heart.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

QUESTIONINGS

**I**F LIFE were a day that glided gay,  
And all of its hours were golden,  
Then what were the peace of a pain's release,  
Or the worth of a truth beholden?

If life wore a hue of changeless blue  
In the archway of its heaven,  
Then what were the sun when the storm is done,  
Or a rising heart-hope's leaven?

If life were a sea, from dangers free  
To its voyagers on their way,  
Then what were the rest by a soul possessed  
At the end of its mortal day?

If life were a laugh—its bitter half  
Unknown, with its fear and forgiving,  
Then what were the gain of the journey vain  
Through the barren land of the living?

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

TWO STREAMS

TWO rivers, rising in the spring  
Of every human life do flow,  
Their waters peace and suffering,  
For one is joy, and one is woe.

The stream of joy, beneath the sun,  
Reflects his dancing beams with glee,  
While careless currents rippling run  
To laugh their life into the sea.

The other stream, dark, drear and deep,  
Is shrouded in the mists of woe,  
While o'er its banks, dread shades, that keep  
A mournful vigil, come and go.

Howe'er we may bewail the one,  
Its course is in divine control;  
For human good both rivers run—  
They make the true, enduring soul.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

LOVE SONG

PEACE rests upon the lap of spring,  
And Nature's gentle blossoming  
Makes gay the gladsome bower that keeps  
My lady, as she sleeps.

Joy decorates her features fair;  
Balm floats in breezes through the air  
And all the wealth of Paradise  
About her being lies.

Love lives within the rosebud bloom  
Upon her cheek; its sweet perfume  
Comes in the all-unconscious sigh  
Escaping silently.

Heaven waits for me within the heart,  
That beats beneath the outer part.  
Bless with thy bounty, Love Divine,  
The treasure that is mine.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

MAY MUSINGS

**B**RIGHT the sunlight sheds afar  
A wealth of brilliancy;  
Does it kiss the cheeks where the roses are,  
The cheeks of my love, for me?

Soft the balmy zephyrs blow  
Through every budding tree;  
Do they breathe a message, sweet and low,  
From the lips of my love, to me?

Buoyant seems the new-born spring  
With ceaseless harmony;  
Does it bring more close, by its heightening,  
The heart of my love to me?

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

A GLANCE

A PAIR of eyes I saw but once  
Are looking into mine,  
And in their play  
The laughter gay  
And tender grace together shine  
As when I saw them beaming there.

Come, Cupid, tell your captive where  
Their owner dwells today,  
That I may thither stray  
And drink again the dazzling wine  
That sparkles with a wealth divine  
Within two eyes I saw but once!

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

MY WISH

MAY the voice  
Of that sweet angel, Patience, whisper  
in my ear,  
And guide me on with words of comfort and  
of cheer;  
Drive from my mind all thought of doubt  
and fear;  
This is my choice.

May high endeavor  
Direct my course of life until the end;  
Be my companion and my steadfast friend  
Until the life beyond with this doth blend,  
To last forever.

May the light  
Of that far-shining lamp, Success,  
With guiding beams my humble pathway  
bless,  
Enabling me sometime in future to possess  
Its flame so bright.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

THE OLD AND THE NEW

THE glow of unforgotten faces,  
The lure of mem'ried ways,  
Hallow the old, old places,  
Endear the old, old days.

Yet wider boundaries of endeavor  
Come with the rising years,  
And larger hopes, forever,  
Are nurtured by our tears.

The star of strong deed is ascendant;  
The joy that faith imparts  
Makes each new hour, resplendent,  
A summons to glad hearts.



*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

PATRICK A. COLLINS

**A** HUNDRED bells are tolling  
A requiem for the dead;  
A thousand flags, half-masted,  
Are drooping overhead;  
A million hearts are mourning  
As parting prayers are said.

A city, great and splendid,  
Bows 'neath a weight of grief;  
The marts of trade are silent,  
Closed by a common lief,  
While near and dear are kneeling  
Beside the fallen chief.

The eulogies are spoken,  
But, ah! no words can tell  
The fullness of the tribute  
His noble traits compel;  
No monument need mark him,  
His work was done so well!

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

GEORGE SEWALL BOUTWELL

**C**ALLED to the helm of state in that far  
day

When Webster e'en yet in the forum stood,  
His name for half a century had sway  
As synonym for civic rectitude.

Faithful and brave, the years advancing wrote  
Him fullest meed of honor and of fame;  
The mantle proud of Sumner and of Choate  
He wore, unflecked, as larger duties came.

A pilot safe, when rock and reef beset  
The ship, storm-tossed, of national finance;  
True friend of liberty, his sun has set  
But long shall glow his mem'ry's radiance.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

GEORGE T. ANGELL

WELL may the horse's head be bowed;  
Well may all dumb beasts mourn,  
As to the tomb, 'neath flower and shroud,  
Thy precious form is borne,  
Oh, great friend of the weaker kind,  
Who upheld mercy's shield!  
Men's hearts, by thy sweet life refined,  
Their tearful tributes yield,  
For tender word and soft caress,  
Through thy humane appeal,  
Rule now where once, with cruel stress,  
Men plied the whip and steel.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

WASHINGTON

**L**IKE some far beacon whose unfailing  
flame,  
As shadows deepen, shines the more sub-  
lime,  
So gleams the strong, pure lustre of that name  
Against the money-baseness of our time!

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

JEFFERSON

**M**AJESTIC in the grandeur of his thought,  
A seer who faced the future with no  
fears,  
A people's battles in his prime he fought,  
And bore their honors richly in his years—  
Champion of right, forevermore to be  
The arch apostle of democracy!

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

SHE spied me like a long-lost friend;  
I'd ne'er seen her before;  
My misery you'll comprehend  
Before this tale is o'er.

'Twas on a street car; to the seat  
Right next to me she flew,  
Exclaiming in glad tones and sweet,  
"Can this be really you?"

My first misstep was taken here,  
For after awkward pause  
In brief reply I made the mere  
Admission that it was.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

"You're such a stranger," chirruped she,  
"Pray tell me, what's the news?"  
I managed skilfully on the  
Fine weather to enthuse.

And while in mental stress I sought  
For exit an excuse,  
She asked me if I really thought  
Miss Blake would marry Luce.

By desperation rendered bold  
I promptly answered yes,  
That I had secretly been told  
She'd bought her wedding dress.

She'd heard so. Good! But Lord what next?  
"Oh, how's your cousin Nell?"  
Clear sailing here. I said, unvexed,  
"She never was so well!"

Ah, what a shock unheralded  
The one wrong word may give!  
"Why, what a change! The doctor said  
Last night she couldn't live."

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

Here, happily, my luck came back;  
The ordeal was o'er;  
Just then the car ran off the track  
And shot me through the door.



THE COLLEGE CLOCK

THE merriest potentate am I  
That ever turned a hand:  
I make the moments hasten by  
With absolute command.  
I emulate no heavenly sun  
Nor earthly satellite;  
My wheels their sportful races run  
As fancy may invite.

What care I for the needs of men?  
My subjects are the hours.  
I grant them respite now and then  
From their eternal tours.  
They own the right to exercise  
The veriest of ease,  
For I maintain that profit lies  
In going as you please.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

Sometimes for sport I throw my hands  
About, as in distress.  
'Tis fun to hear my human friends  
Solicitude express.  
And then I work the college bell,  
And call the people out;  
Sometimes they realize the sell  
And swear a bit, no doubt.

But, safe enthroned above them all,  
I thrive with Father Time;  
He serves my bidding and my call  
With gracefulness sublime.  
The years will hasten quickly by,  
But e'er my rule shall stand;  
The merriest potentate am I  
That ever turned a hand!

DARTMOUTH

“’TIS small, but there are those who love  
it,”

Webster pleaded long ago,  
When the skies were dark above it  
And the storm was bending low.

Now ’tis great and thousands render  
Tender tribute to its name;  
Now its cause needs no defender,  
Yet its mission is the same.

True to its ideals keeping,  
Sure and pure its purpose runs,  
Strong as its own spirit, leaping  
In the pulses of its sons.

Bearing high the torch of learning  
Northland’s granite hills above,  
Dartmouth’s bread is e’er returning  
Tenfold in a people’s love!

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

SPHINX

(Senior society initiation banquet, Dartmouth  
1893)

**T**HE weariless wings of another year  
Have borne us to its crowning feast;  
So let us hold communion here  
Until the glowing East  
Shall tell us that the twinkling stars their  
lenient watch have ceased.

The breath of June is in the air  
And the joyful world in its festival  
Bids us be free from fret and care,  
And worship, one and all,  
At the throne where fellowship is king, and  
genial arts enthral.

So let the loving cup be filled  
And the heart's own sacred song arise,  
For still we walk, as the gods have willed,  
Beneath unclouded skies,  
Beholding still the boundless world, with all  
its rhapsodies.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

And hail, oh loyal band who now  
Have worshipped at the Mystic Shrine,  
All brothers by a sacred vow—  
The future will be thine,  
And may it be as rich as gold, as sweet as  
Samian wine.

May fortune bless your onward way  
With favors that she best bestows  
On loyalty that lasts for aye,  
And faithfulness that knows  
The majesty of manhood, and the debt that  
honor owes.

Our brothers of departed years,  
In spirit with us as we celebrate—  
Dispelling doubts, dismissing fears—  
Greet and congratulate  
The comrades who now pledge to keep their  
trust inviolate.

Our task is done. To them we leave  
Our heritage of fellowship.  
About their hearts will friendship weave  
A network that will keep  
Their lives in harmony, refreshed by joys that  
never sleep.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

So let us fill the cup again,  
And every brother, as he drinks,  
Will bless once more the magic chain  
Whose adamantine links  
Have bound him with the mystic band, the  
children of the Sphinx!

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

NEVER MEET TROUBLE HALF WAY

NEVER meet trouble half way,  
Let it seek you out, if it must,  
But your heart open wide, and bid joy come  
inside,  
And dwell in abiding trust.

Never meet trouble half way,  
All too soon will the shadows fall;  
See the bloom, not the blight; not the gloom,  
but the light  
That is shining over all.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

HALYCON

**B**RIGHT beam the stars of the summer  
    night,  
    Clearer than diamonds ever shone,  
But deeper is the laughing light  
    Of thy blue eyes, my Halcyon.

Pink are the parts of the summer rose,  
    Pure as the magic tints of dawn,  
But a softer color comes and goes  
    Across thy cheek, my Halcyon.

Sweet is the breath of the summer sky,  
    As it kisses the green earth and is gone,  
But sweeter is thine, surpassingly,  
    And softer it comes, my Halcyon.

Dear are the mem'ries of summer days,  
    Yet in my heart there lives but one;  
Bright, through the ever-gathering haze,  
    Shall shine thy face, my Halcyon!



UNDERNEATH THE HARBOR

OLD BOSTON sets the pace for all  
In tricks of rapid transit;  
Years back her subway had the call  
E'er other towns would chance it;  
And then to make ten minutes five  
They built the "L";  
Now, sakes alive, it's take a dive  
Down,  
Down  
Beneath the harbor.

Just make the plunge the tunnel through—  
It is a quick transition;  
You're up and out in a "jiff" or two,  
No time for intermission.  
A shuttle shot in a deep, smooth bore  
The car glides on,  
And lo, you're o'er to the other shore  
From  
Down  
Beneath the harbor.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

Care not what's going on o'erhead—  
How many ships are dancing  
Above you as you're onward sped  
On trolley trip entrancing;  
The water's deep, but you won't get drowned  
You may be sure,  
For it's a sound hole in the ground,  
Down,  
Down  
Beneath the harbor.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

LOVE IS ALL

**T**HERE was gleam of gold,  
And raiment to allure, and rank and  
title old,  
And sorrow and a sigh,  
As Love passed by.

There was humble fare,  
And treasure scant, and name of worldly  
glamor bare.  
And peace with Heaven kin,  
As Love came in.

FRUIT SALAD FOR TWO

HE THOUGHT himself the choicest *plum*  
that grew upon the tree;  
A *date* he had one evening with a *peach* from  
Chicopee;  
They were a charming *pear* indeed, as, strolling  
by the sea,  
He vowed the *apple* of his eye she evermore  
should be.

But sad his fate—most downcast youth in all  
the world was he,  
When to the realms of *orange* blooms he urged  
that they should flee;  
The *lemon* that she handed him would sour a  
Russian tea—  
“You’re full of *prunes*, young man,” she cried,  
“you *cantaloupe* with me.”

**HATS OFF TO BABY BROWN**

**Y**OU may talk about babies that win at the  
fairs,  
Or infants of princely renown;  
But show me the kid if you can that compares  
With little John Nicholas Brown.

A nurse at his elbow, at ten thousand per,  
Keeps watch for his fret or his frown;  
A valet, imported, stands by to defer  
To the whim of John Nicholas Brown.

Ten millions piled high in the bank in his name  
Can buy him the whole of the town—  
Yet he gets along nicely on milk, does this same  
Delightful John Nicholas Brown.

An army of hirelings are ever on call  
To pose as the puppet and clown—  
Yet when he would play he's content with his  
doll,  
Is joyful John Nicholas Brown.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

When they put him to bed he deliciously lies  
In a heaven of silk and of down—  
Yet when he gets hurt it's a fact that he cries,  
Does doleful John Nicholas Brown.

You may talk about babies to wisdom inclined,  
Or infants of princely renown,  
But hunt the world over and where can you  
find  
The like of John Nicholas Brown?

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

A MANY-HUED TALE

YOUNG Mister Thomas Black was wed to  
Miss Albina White,

And Nancy Greene became the bride of  
handsome William Gray.

It happened, too, that our old friend the dash-  
ing David Knight

Did woo and to the altar lead demure Diana  
Day.

Not to be beat, Augustus Brown sweet Pauline  
Pearl did choose,

And all set up housekeeping in a tenement of  
red.

They didn't fight, 'tis strange to say, and never  
had the blues—

The rainbow of domestic peace was always  
overhead.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

BLONDE AND BRUNETTE

**I**T IS my lot to be in love with two who are  
most fair;  
I don't believe that you can find their equals  
anywhere.  
They are the queens of womankind, so beautiful to see—  
When I'm alone with either one I'd humbly bow  
the knee;  
And yet they are no more alike than sunrise  
and sunset,  
For one's a large blonde lady, one a small  
brunette.

When I gaze fondly in the face of her whose  
eyes are blue  
I dream of April violets that sparkle with the  
dew.  
Her golden hair in tresses fine like sunlight  
seems to me,



*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

And when she smiles my soul is thrilled with  
boundless ecstasy.

'Tis then that I am most impelled for her my  
cap to set—

Give me the large blonde lady, not the small  
brunette.

But when I come beneath the spell of her of  
raven hair

No other beauty, I'll be bound, can with her  
own compare;

'Tis like the glory of the night, and as from  
summer skies,

I bask in star-like radiance—the magic of  
her eyes.

She charms me with her witching smile; I'm  
caught fast in her net—

Not for me the blonde lady; mine, the small  
brunette.

And thus my heart, a pendulum, swings back  
and forth, in vain;

Were there a happy medium the way of love  
were plain.

But golden hair and tresses dark upon one head  
can't grow

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

And she with one eye black, one blue, would  
be absurd, I know.

It's best for me, I plainly see, to try hard to  
forget

Even the large blonde lady, and the small  
brunette.

**BENEATH HER PARASOL**

**A**H, COQUETTISHLY she glances  
From beneath her parasol;  
Message vague my heart entrances  
As coquettishly she glances—  
Sparkle of black eyes, that's all,  
But she stirs my fairest fancies  
When coquettishly she glances  
From beneath her parasol!

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

WHICH?

**F**AIREST maiden of the waltz,  
Are you true, or are you false?

Are your ebon eyes, so bright,  
But a counterfeit delight?

Doth the rose-bloom, to your cheek  
Rise when other voices speak?

Flutters e'en your heart of hearts  
With other bliss than mine imparts?

Will our lives forever seem  
Like the music's joyous dream?

Fairest maiden of the waltz  
Are you true, or are you false?

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

WAR SONG

THERE'S a song of hallelujah in the stirring bugle call,

There's a pæan in the cannon's mighty roar;  
There's a glory in the flash, in the fire and in the crash

Of the battle as it breaks on Cuba's shore.

For the fight is for the right,

And the banner of the free

Leads a nation's men of might

In the cause of liberty.

There's a day of triumph coming, and its splendid dawn shall break

On a land that long has been the tyrant's prey;

Then our country will be blest by a people sore oppressed,

And the glory of our arms shall last for aye.

For the fight is for the right,

And the banner of the free

Leads a nation's men of might

In the cause of liberty.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

ST. VALENTINE

A TOAST to the name of Valentine,  
Beloved Saint of Hearts!  
While cheeks shall glow and soft eyes shine,  
And Cupid holds his arts,  
This day each year we'll sing the cheer  
His memory imparts.

And here's to the magic name of her  
Each worships as the best;  
Whose matchless charms the pulses stir—  
Who blesses and is blest!  
And here's a toast to all the host  
Who love, and have confessed!

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

DESPAIR NOT

**T**HY brother's talents may be far  
More generous than thine,  
And fortune, from a golden star,  
Upon his path may shine;  
But gifts unused for human weal  
Are profitless and vain,  
While thou, with naught but faith and zeal,  
A laurel crown may gain.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

SUNSET

THE tints of purple and of pearl combine  
With amber and with amethyst,  
While golden traces softly interline  
A picture by Heaven's roses kissed,—  
With glint and gleam of wonderland bedight.  
Blent by a touch that is divine,  
Its glories carry to enraptured height,  
On radiant wing, thy soul and mine.  
Ah, holy thrill of even's ebbing light  
As morrow's promises, benignant, shine  
In God's sweet smile—the world's Goodnight!



*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

“THE BOYS”

WHEN the din of war had ended, and the  
    smoke had rolled away,  
And the Union's soul was yearning for a larger,  
    brighter day,  
A million men strong-hearted in the work of  
    Peace were they—  
    “The Boys” in Sixty-Six!

The hour of sacred memories returns; a pa-  
    geant strong,  
Bone and sinew of the Nation, in the May-  
    time moves along,  
While a People proudly honors, with the meed  
    of cheer and song,  
    “The Boys” in Seventy-Six!

Now again the flags are flying for the veterans'  
    review;  
Judge and merchant, sage and toiler, comrades  
    in the line of blue,  
Placing wreathes for their dead brothers on the  
    green graves, old and new  
    “The Boys” in Eighty-Six!

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

Gray of head and slow of footstep, stooping  
    'neath the length of days,  
Yet they march with hearts of heroes, o'er the  
    old familiar ways,  
As a new-grown generation gratefully its token  
    pays  
    "The Boys" in Ninety-Six!

List once more the martial music, as the grand  
    "old guard" appears—  
But ah! the thinned and bended legions—ah,  
    the pathos of the years,  
As we render them our tribute in the tenderness  
    of tears—  
    "The Boys" in Nineteen-Six!

THE CALL OF THE HERE-AND-NOW

ONE turned his face from the dawn away  
And dwelt in the Long Ago;  
He knew none blest in the living day,  
He saw none gain nor grow;  
Earth's good things all had gone before,  
And naught should profit more.

One sang the songs of the By-and-By,  
Wondrous in gifts to Man;  
He dreamed of bounties reaching high  
In a kind Creator's plan;  
And all that was good would come unsought,  
With never a battle fought.

But one with patience set his brow  
And heart to the task at hand;  
Heeding the call of the Here-and-Now,  
He toiled to the World's demand;  
The prayer of the Long-Ago made he  
The pledge of the Yet-to-Be.

ORCHID AND WILD ROSE

**A**N ORCHID and a wild rose met,  
    (Just where I may not tell)—  
The one a pampered, hot-house pet,  
    The other from the dell.  
The orchid blushed that she should greet  
    Such lowly company,  
She who “stood high” with the élite  
    Of proud society.  
“Oh, what a country maid you are,  
    But I suppose,” she said,  
“The rustics seek you near and far  
    Because your cheeks are red.  
Poor thing, if you could only know  
    The pleasures that are mine,  
The lavishness that men bestow  
    My colors to refine,

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

The eagerness with which I'm sought  
For every swell soirée,  
The romances that I have wrought  
In circles grand and gay,  
The joys of music and of wine  
As languidly I rest,  
In satins and in laces fine,  
Upon milady's breast!"

Thus spake the orchid haughtily  
Unto the rose, whose red  
Had deepened 'neath the sting, till she  
Looked bravely up and said:

"I know I'm not so grand as you,  
But mine's a happy life  
Where birds are free and heavens are blue,  
Far from the city's strife.  
I am not sought by men for gold  
To grace Dame Fashion's feast,  
But I have joys to you untold—  
The sunrise in the east,  
The laughter of the mountain rills  
And children at their play,  
The beauty of the purple hills  
As dusk succeeds the day;

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

And, though I bloom on humble sod  
And frugal is my fare,  
Unto my cheeks the kiss of God  
The evening breezes bear!"

AS WINTER WINDS ARE BLOWING

**T**HOUGH cold winds blow  
And bleak the night,  
My hearth's aglow,  
My heart is light—

For home is cheer  
'Neath love's sweet sway  
Though earth be drear,  
And skies be gray.

But, oh, for those  
Who hapless roam;  
Whom love ne'er knows—  
Who have no home.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

KINDNESS

**N**O KINDLY act's too small to be worth  
while;  
Oft has the dross of gloom and fear  
Been turned to gold of faith and cheer  
By the blest alchemy of a smile.



“OLD IRONSIDES”

UPON her decks the ringing shout  
Of victory was raised,  
And glory's messengers spake out  
As her ten-pounders blazed.

The halo of an endless fame  
Has crowned her colors fair  
Since patriot hearts, in battle flame,  
Conquered the Guerrière

Sons of proud sires, do you not hear  
This brazen threat to wrest  
The jewel that is held most dear  
From old New England's breast?

If days of mem'ried shrines are past,  
Then yield the vandal's will—  
Put Plymouth Rock unto the blast  
And tear down Bunker Hill!

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

A LITTLE GIRL'S PRAYER TO SANTA  
CLAUS

UPON the church steps, kneeling low,  
A tiny girl, sad-faced, alone,  
Was mumbling as in prayer; the snow  
Was falling, and the winds, amean,  
Proclaimed a drear December night.  
Men, homeward bound, their day's work  
done  
Stopped there, transfixed, so strange the sight,  
And listened to the little one.

"I pray, good Santa Claus, that you  
Won't quite forget my mamma dear;  
She cries a lot, and feels so blue  
'Cause things ain't like they was last year.

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

You see, my poor papa is dead  
And she works, oh, so hard for me  
And Baby Jack, and goes to bed  
Nights just as tired as she can be.

“And when I asked if Santa Claus  
Was goin’ to come on Christmas Eve  
She said she didn’t think so, ’cause  
He never had good things to leave  
With folks that’s poor; then mamma cried;  
And that is why I’ve come up here  
To ask if you won’t lay aside  
A gift or two for mamma dear.”

Who says that Santa did not hear  
The tender plea of that sweet child,  
And follow in her footsteps, near,  
Till she was safely domiciled?  
Who says that prayers to old Saint Nick  
Are prayers that are sent up in vain?  
Nay, good old Santa is a brick—  
Long may his rotund form remain!

’Tis Christmas; a wan woman weeps  
Not tears of sadness, but of joy,  
For at her door are piled in heaps  
Good things for mother, girl and boy;

*STRAY NOTES OF SONG*

Food and clothing in fine array;  
Dolls, and cars on a railroad track;  
Books and blocks; and happy are they—  
Mamma and Girlie and Baby Jack.

GOOD NIGHT

GOOD NIGHT; the shades are falling;  
The sun slips from the West;  
The kindly stars are calling  
The weary world to rest.

Good night; and may thy slumbers  
Sweet and refreshing be,  
In His blest care who numbers  
The mist-drops of the sea.

Good night; and be thy waking  
Unto a day made fair,  
To some heart that is aching,  
By token of thy care.

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